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A GHOST STORY.

The following is a simple narrative, taken down in short hand from the lips of the narrator. He is a man now getting on in years, who, distrustful of all other people's experience verging on what we imperiously term the supernatural, scarcely ever ventures to believe his own. As a statement at first hand of an appearance testified to by the narrator, and corroborated by his wife, both living, it has seemed to me, while simply transcribing the notes, to possess an interest of some kind, in more artistic stories of artificial manufacture.

My wife's sister, Mrs. M., was left a widow at the age of thirty-five, with two children, of whom she was passionately fond. She carried on the draper's business at Bogor, established by her husband. Being a very handsome woman, there were several suitors for her hand. The only one among them was a Mr. Barton. My wife never liked this Mr. Barton, and made no secret of her feelings to her sister, whom she frequently told that Barton only wanted to be the master of the little haberdashery shop in Bogor. He was a man in poor circumstances, and had no motive in his proposal of marriage so my wife thought, than to better himself.

On the 23d of August, 1831, Mrs. M. arranged to go with Mr. Barton to a picnic party at Greenwood Park, the seat of the Duke of Richmond, who had kindly thrown open his grounds to the public for the day. My wife, a little annoyed at her going out with this man, told her sister that much better remain at home to look after her children and attend to the business. Mrs. M., however, bent on going, made arrangements about leaving the shop, and got my wife to promise to see to her little girls while she was away.

The party set out in a four-wheel phaeton with a pair of ponies driven by Mr. M., and a gig for which I lent my horse. Now we did not expect them to come back till nine or ten o'clock at any rate. I mentioned this particularly to show that there could be no expectation of their earlier return in the mind of my wife, to account for what follows.

At 6 o'clock that bright summer's evening my wife went out into the garden to call the children. Not finding them she went all around the place in her search until she came to the empty stable. Thinking they might have run in there to play, she pushed open the door, there, standing in the darkest corner, she saw Mrs. M. My wife was surprised to see her certainly, for she did not expect her return so soon; but oddly enough, it did not strike her as being singular to see her there. Vexed as she had felt with her all day for going, and rather glad in her womanish way to have some thing entirely different from the genuine cause held to hang a retort upon my wife said, "Well, Harriet, I should have thought another dress as well for your picnic as that black silk you have on." My wife was the elder of the twins, and had always assumed a little air of counsel to her sister. Black silks were thought a great deal more of at that time than they are just now, and it was not until she had held particularly inconsistent wear for Wesleyan Methodists, to which denomination we belonged.

Receiving no answer, my wife said, "Oh, well, Harriet, if you can't take a word of reproach without being sulky, I'll leave you to yourself," and then came into the house to tell me the party had returned, and that she had seen her sister in the stable, not in the best of tempers. At the moment it did not seem extraordinary to me that my wife should have met her sister in the stable.

I waited in-doors some time, expecting them to return my horse. Mrs. M. was my neighbor and living so close, and being always on friendly terms, I wondered that none of the party had come in to tell us about the day's pleasure. I thought I would just run in and see how they had got on. To my great surprise, the servant told me they had not returned. I began then to feel anxiety about the result. My wife however, having seen Harriet in the stable refused to believe the servant's assertion, and said there was no doubt of their return, but that they had probably left word to say that they were not come back, in order to offer a plausible excuse for taking a further drive, and detaining my horse for another hour or so.

At eleven o'clock, Mr. Pincock, my brother-in-law, who had been one of the party, came, apparently much agitated. As soon as he saw him, and before he had time to speak, my wife seemed to know what he had to say.

"What is the matter?" she said. "Something has happened to Harriet, I know!" "Yes," replied Mr. Pincock. "If you wish to see her alive, you must come with me directly to Greenwood."

From what he said it appears that one of the ponies had never been properly broken in, that the man from whom the turnout was hired for the day had cautioned Mrs. M. respecting it before they started, and that he had let it reluctantly, being the only pony to match he had in the stable at the time, and would not have lent it at all had he not known Mrs. M. to be an excellent whip. On reaching Greenwood, it seems the gentleman of the party had got out leaving the ladies to take a drive round the park in the phaeton. One or both of the ponies must have taken fright at something in the road, for Mrs. M. had scarcely taken the reins when the ponies shied. Had there been plenty of room she would readily have mastered the difficulty, but as it was in a narrow road, where a gate had obstructed the way, some one rushed to open the gate; too late. The three other ladies jumped out at the beginning of the accident, but Mrs. M. still held on to the reins, seeking to control her ponies, until finding it impossible for the men to get the gate open in time, she too, sprang forward; at the same time the ponies came smash on the gate. She had made her spring too late and fell heavily to the ground on her head.

The heavy, old-fashioned comb of the period, with which her hair was looped up, was driven into her skull by the force of the fall. The Duke of Richmond, a witness to the accident, ran to her assistance, lifted her up and rested her head upon his knees. The only words Mrs. M. had spoken were uttered at the time: "Good God, my children!" By direction of the Duke she was immediately conveyed to a neighboring inn where every assistance, medical and otherwise, that forthright or skill could suggest was afforded her.

At six o'clock in the evening, the time at which my wife had gone into the stable and seen what we both now knew had been her spirit, Mrs. M., in her sole interval of retaining consciousness, had made a violent but unsuccessful attempt to speak. From her glance having wandered around the room, in solemn and awful stillness, it was seen that she wished to see some relative or friend, or voice of her own kind, who she had once known.

I went to Greenwood in the gig with Mr. Pincock, and arrived in time to see my sister-in-law die at two o'clock in the morning. Her only conscious moments had been those in which she labored unsuccessfully to speak; which had occurred at six o'clock. She wore a black silk dress.

When it came to dispose of her business, and to wind up her affairs, there was scarcely anything left for the two orphan girls. Mrs. M.'s father, however well-to-do, took them to bring them up. At his death, which happened soon afterward, his property went to his eldest son, who speedily dissipated the inheritance. During a space of two years, the children were taken as visitors by various relations in turn, and lived an unhappy life with no settled home.

For some time I had been debating with myself how to help these children, having many girls and boys of my own to provide for. I had almost settled to take them myself, but as trade was with me at the time, and bringing them up with my own family, when one day business called me to Brighton. The business was so urgent that it necessitated my traveling at night.

I set out from Bangor in a close-headed gig, on a beautiful moonlight winter's night when the crisp-frozen snow lay deep over the earth, and its fine glittering dust was whirled about in little eddies on the bleak night wind—driven now and then in stinging powder against my tingling cheek, warm and glowing in the sharp air. I had taken my great dog "Bose" (short for Bantam) for company. He lay by my side, bawling, wailing, on the spare seat of the gig; beneath a mass of war rugs.

Between Little Hampton and Worthing is a lonely piece of road, long a dreary through black and bare open country, where the snow lay knee deep, sparkling in the moonlight. It was so cheerless that I turned round to speak to my dog, more for the sake of hearing the sound of a voice than anything else. "Good Bose," I said patting him, "where's a good dog?" Then suddenly I noticed he shivered, and slunk under the warps. Then my horse reared up his attention, for he gave a start and was going wrong, and had nearly taken me into the ditch.

Then I looked up. Walking at my horse's head, dressed in a sweeping robe, so white that it shone dazzling against the whiteness, I saw a lady, her back turned to me, her head bare; her hair disheveled and strayed, showing sharp and black against her white dress. I was at first so much surprised in seeing a lady, so dressed exposed to the open night air and such a night as this, that I scarcely knew what to do. Recovering myself I called out to know if I could render any assistance—if she wished to ride? No answer. I drove faster, the horse blinking and shying and trembling while, his ears laid back in abject terror. Still the figure maintained its position close to my horse's head. Then I thought that what I saw was no woman, but perchance a man disguised for the purpose of robbing me, seeking the opportunity to seize the bridle and stop the horse. Evidently with this idea, I said, "Good Bose! look at that!" but the dog only shivered as if in fright. Then we came to a space where four roads met.

Determined to know the worst, I pulled up the horse. I speckled old Bose, unwilling, out by the ears. He was a good dog at anything from a rat to a man, but he slunk away that night into the hedge, and lay there, his head between his paws, whining and howling. I walked straight up to the figure, still standing by the horse's head. As I walked, the figure turned, and I saw Harriet's face as plainly as I see you now—white as milk—pale, as idealized and beautiful by death. I knew that, though not a nervous man, in that instant I felt sick and faint. Harriet looked me full in the face with a long, eager, silent look. I knew then it was her spirit, and felt a strange calm come over me. I knew it was nothing to harm me. When I could speak, I asked what troubled her. She looked at me still—never changed her color fixed stare. Then I felt in my mind it was her children, and I said:

"Harriet, is it for your children you are troubled?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Pincock. "If for these you are troubled, be assured they shall never want while I have power to help them Rest in peace."

Still no answer. I put up my hand to wipe from my forehead the cold perspiration which had gathered there. When I took my hand away from shading my eyes, the figure was gone. I was alone on the bleak, snow covered ground. The breeze that had been hushed before, breathed coolly and gratefully on my face, and the cold stars glimmered and sparkled in the fair blue heavens. My dog crept up to me and fervently licked my hand, as if he would say "Good master, don't be angry I have served you in all but this."

I took the children and brought them up, until they could help themselves. All the Year Round.

My Two.

I met him with a steady smile, And cheek not flushed with red; While my heart went back to another face, And a Summer long since dead. And when my hand within his own Lay passive, calm and still, I thought how once a lighter clasp Could make my pulses thrill.

One has dark eyes of laughing brown, With glance fond, loving and true; But my heart is buried with him who died, Whose eyes were so clear, and blue. One living below me loved above Both are my own forever; Yet I sometimes long to be with him Who is waiting o'er the river.

My two Heaven bless them each to-night— One upon earth, and one with God; Both are dear to my heart and life, But he is dearest "neath the sod."

GEORGIA M. FERRIS.

For the American.

Autumn.

BY LIZZIE LITTLE.

Glorious Autumn is here, with the golden leaves crisp under our feet. We love to see it come, for it brings the golden fruit for Winter. Every one looks forward to Autumn. The farmer, when Autumn comes, is repaid for his Summer labors. An arm is the saddest time of the year. And so we think as I sit at mid-day in the lonely school room (which is situated not far from the little village of Millroy.) I see the fields that were once fresh and green with the morning dew, now all clothed as with a golden carpet.

Now I hear the sound of many voices reaching through the lonely woods, gathering out of different kinds, and laying them up for their winter's store, old and young they appear to be. And when my way home from school I pass rich orchards of mellow fruit which Autumn has brought forth, and as I near my boarding place I hear the cheerful voice of the weaver as she sits day after day at her loom, weaving cloth for the coming Winter. Then, as night throws a shade of darkness on the earth, and the air becomes cool, how we gather around the family fire, and our thoughts will carry us back to the sunny days of Spring. Yes, we think of the blooming rose and the violet, all of which looked so fair and lovely in the month of spring, but now lie strewn and withering. The trees that looked so green in Spring-time are now stripped of their beauty and left to die in the chilly blast.

And all this is with us, dear readers. We, like these, must die. Our Spring-time will soon close, and Autumn will come and lay us beneath the withering grass. To rest until God shall call us, then to stand face to face with friend or foe. And all that are just shall wear a crown and be forever happy. Autumn will never come again, but there will be an eternal Spring-time. It will be a land of glory.

Sadness there will never come, Orphans there will have a home.

But I am wandering. Autumn then is the most melancholy time of the year. It brings memories fresh and dear to our mind. Yes, I think of you, dear friends, I took my little school in New Tendon up in the woods to have some sport. Yes, methinks I see the tree-tops bending to and fro in the Autumn wind. And how we sat and sang together in the shady grove. Then when night set in, we started for home, feeling that we had spent a cheerful day, since then Spring has come and gone, and Summer has taken its place. Now Autumn has taken the place of Summer, and it is so far away among strangers, but all of whom seem kind and good. I have a pleasant remembrance of you, dear friends, published in the States. Clarkson was sharp, and at the right time, he found a pretty keen, smart Methodist preacher, who had a few thousand dollars on hand, and who, perhaps, just at that time, thought there was more money and glory in being an editor and publisher of a paper than in riding a circuit, and he sold out the whole establishment to him, and shortly after the ex-editor left for the State of Iowa, where he has grown to be a rich farmer and a distinguished Senator of that flourishing commonwealth.

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Brookville is not exactly like the Irishman, who boasted that all of him that was worthy of any distinction was under the ground; for there are many living realities in this place of which the pen of the letter writer might speak with interest and propriety. We have a substantial Court House, well crowded with Democratic officials; some four or five churches, good schools, and a flourishing college, and a fine building which is now under the Presidency of Rev. Dr. Martin, who is a very fine scholar, an amiable gentleman, and every way worthy of his distinguished position.

The paper mill of Henry Speed & Son, of our city, is one of the best conducted, and perhaps the most useful, manufacturing establishment we have in this place. This mill was built by Mr. James Speer, the father of the present proprietor, many

years ago, and though he lost, at different periods, by the high waters washing his dam away, some fifty or sixty thousand dollars, he still kept up and added to the improved machinery for the manufacture of paper, until it is now one of the most complete establishments of the West.

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General Beauregard. A few evenings ago a party of Southern gentlemen gave a dinner to General Beauregard at the New York Hotel. In the course of his remarks on the occasion, the General stated that he had received tempting offers from English capitalists to take up his residence in England as superintendent of extensive engineering works in that country, but he had concluded, upon calmly surveying the different governments of the world, their status and their inherent strength, that this country now possessed the most stable Government of any existing upon the face of the earth, and that for his part he was determined to spend his life under the flag of the Government that was the most stable and less liable to disorganization. It was nothing short of sheer nonsense to talk of another rebellion. If they wanted to raise one they could not. It was utterly impossible, and will be impossible for them to do so for the next generation. Before the war he was in favor of State sovereignty, but he had at that time dogmatically whipped out of him, and thought that all should bow their energies towards again building up our Union to that magnificent status among the nations of the world to which its destiny evidently points. In conclusion, he would urge them to give the Government their united support in every manner, making it their pride to add lustre to the common glory of a united people. [N. Y. Express.]

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The facts which refute these infamous falsehoods are freshly recorded, and have been printed in all leading journals of the country. There are not two hundred thousand persons disfranchised in all the South—we believe not one hundred thousand. There are more white than black voters registered in the late rebel States. In Virginia there are nearly 20,000 more, though a still larger number failed to vote at the late election. We believe that nine-tenths of these are at heart Republicans, deterred from voting by the proscriptive power and influence of the aristocracy. Every white who was registered could have voted if he chose; and the whites might have voted down a Convention, though every black voted for it; yet the Convention is carried by an immense majority, because at least 13,000 whites voted for it, while twice as many failed to vote at all.

Flattery.

If you wish to be agreeable in society, be the person with whom you are thrown old, young, single, married, young ladies or old men, of whatever grade, opinion or profession—there is one sure way of doing it—by flattery. Some can swallow strong doses—others may prefer it in a diluted form, but all have a taste for it; all like it in some form or other, and there is nothing more calculated to give pleasure and increase one's popularity than to indulge people in this way. Flattery is always used at the expense of manhood, self respect and truth. It is one of the smallest ways of lying. It makes the heart hollow—it poisons the soul.

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FROM BROOKVILLE, IND.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.
BROOKVILLE, IND., October 31.

This ancient metropolis of Indiana intelligence, still sits in its placid, yet dignified, modesty in the forks of the two White waters, making no particular pretensions to city airs, or metropolitan enterprises, or any sort of distinction, either political or religious. Indeed, compared with her ancient neighbor and intelligent citizenship, she appears to one of her former dominions, as being somewhat in the weeds of a calm, quiet widowhood. In the olden days, long before the "raging canal" was built, or dug, or the snort of the iron horse reverberated through her romantic hills, there were men who claimed this place as their home, whose names were then a power, and who subsequently were called to fill the highest offices of the State. The names of Governors Noble, Wallace and Ray, who have now all gone "To the land of silent dreams."

Are well known in the history of Indiana, and will long live in the hand book of the public memory.

These men all took their rise in this country, and they have been succeeded in talents and office, as lawyers, by John A. Matson, George Holland, John Raymond, Monroe McCarty, Dan Jones, and a younger race of the present hour, whom to mention here would, perhaps, appear, under the present circumstances, too much like an unpaid for advertisement.

The vicissitudes of fortune as seen from a standpoint in the retrospect of past years, sometimes cast a shadow over the heart of the observer, somewhat like the darkness of death itself. Thirty years ago, there was one business man, well known in this community, who appeared to move out on the high road of enterprise with the tread of a giant, and with the caution, and prudence, and energy of the most intelligent business tact. No one doubted his honesty, as no one disputed his integrity or capacity. He always drove the wheels of his own carriage, looked after his business himself, and made, as many supposed, a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars or more. But the tide of fortune turned on him at last, and in two months of the White-water alone, he lost \$84,000. These and other misfortunes crowded him under and he failed, giving up every dollar he owned in his own right.

With his noble wife and large family he left his well beloved valley for the bleak plains of Iowa. There he began again the struggle of life with but limited capital, and with energies now impaired with age, it was not, therefore, a matter of wonder that the days of his success were gone. His wife, the grand old lady and large hearted wife, in a few short years sank under the sorrow and disconsol of life, and sleeps now in an Iowa grave. But Richard Tyner himself, now old and diseased, and still seemingly full of the active business fire of his better years, was the other day seen on the streets here, where he has a daughter residing, greeting his old friends with a life and social warmth as if he had never lost a dollar. Such instances of adverse misfortune are not so pleasant to the soul or memory, yet they should be recorded, because they too have their moral, and should be pointed out as light-houses of stern teaching, to warn others who may be swept from a similar fate.

Another character, who for many years was one of the life and soul of this ancient village, we may notice appropriately as Croker F. Clarkson. He was a printer by trade, and an editor by profession. Whig in politics, and totally unpolished in the quiver of his sarcastic editorials, he frequently cut both right and left, and many were the terrible wounds he inflicted on those who crossed his path. His stern malign looks on the street and everywhere else, made him the more personally responsible for all of his editorial malignity, and hence he grew to be the worst hated man of the most popular paper here, perhaps, published in the States. Clarkson was sharp, and at the right time, he found a pretty keen, smart Methodist preacher, who had a few thousand dollars on hand, and who, perhaps, just at that time, thought there was more money and glory in being an editor and publisher of a paper than in riding a circuit, and he sold out the whole establishment to him, and shortly after the ex-editor left for the State of Iowa, where he has grown to be a rich farmer and a distinguished Senator of that flourishing commonwealth.

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The Amendment.

The popular verdict in Ohio is against negro suffrage. We accept that fact and bow respectfully to the decision of the people. But the popular verdict does not affect the justice of the principle. The people pronounced against universal freedom year after year for a quarter of a century, yet the principle asserted itself, and universal liberty was established. So will it be with suffrage. That it is not to make political distinctions between citizens subject to the laws and who are a part of our civil society, is too manifest for discussion. Impartial suffrage will eventually assert itself. It may not do so during the next three or next ten years, but it will as surely be engrained in our system as this nation exists. It may be more unpopular next year perhaps than it is now, but reaction will surely follow, and it will gain in strength until it is recognized by the voice of the people.

That it exercised a serious influence in reducing the Republican majority of Ohio at the late election, we do not doubt; but that it was made a party issue at the wrong time we do not believe. If the Republican party cannot afford to advocate a right principle when the party is powerful, it will not do so when it is weak.

And if it cannot afford to do right, it will not do at all. No party is of any account excepting as the advocate and exponent of principles designed for the benefit of humanity, and that party which commits itself to the oppression of any class, no matter for what cause, will finally meet the fate it deserves. So with the party professing devotion to a great cause which neglects, or evades a fair opportunity to establish that cause. We do not regret that the Republican party declared itself the advocate and champion of God's poor. We are proud that it had the manhood and the courage to do so. It is a grand assertion of its character, that it was willing to suffer reverse in the effort to do right. The brightest jewel in its crown is the jewel of liberty, and it has won no honor equal to that which illustrates its history in the destruction of slavery, and its efforts to confer equal political rights upon all citizens of the United States.

Let not Democratic leaders deceive themselves. The fight has but just begun. The Republican party is more confirmed to day in its determination to do right by all citizens of whatever class or color, than it was when it formally declared itself in favor of giving to every honest man the right to protect his own property, his own life, and his own political liberty. Stand you ground, Republicans. Hall Run was disastrous to us, but there was a glorious day at Appomattox Court House. [Dayton, O. Journal.]

To Copy manuscript.

The following method for obtaining copies of manuscript papers will be of great service to those who wish to preserve copies of what they write: "Put a little sugar in common writing ink, and with this write on common paper, sized as usual. When a copy is required, take some unsized paper and moisten it lightly with a sponge, and apply the wet paper to the writing, and pass lightly over the unsized paper a moderately heated iron, and the copy is immediately reproduced."

In a lecture upon new papers, delivered in a hall upon Rev. Dr. Witt Talmadge, he paid the press the following compliment: "I now declare that I consider the newspapers to be the grand agency by which the Gospel is preached, ignorance cast out, oppression dethroned, crime exterminated, the world raised. Heaven rejoiced, and God glorified. In the clanking of the printing press, as sheets fly out, I hear the voice of the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth, 'Luxuria, come forth!' and to the retreating surges of darkness, 'Let there be light!'"

Congress and the National Banks.

From the Financial Chronicle.

The elaborate and timely letter addressed by Mr. Jay Cooke to certain National Bank officers in Ohio has been widely published by the newspapers, and has brought into a clearer light the fact that throughout the country a very uneasy feeling prevails as to what Congress will do next in regard to the monetary situation generally, and that of the National Banks in particular. The momentous importance of the crisis through which the finances of the nation are passing weighs heavily on the public mind, and never, probably, have monetary problems of such magnitude and difficulty offered themselves to any deliberative assembly in the world, as those to be forced on the attention of the Congress which will meet at Washington on the 21st of November.

We do not profess to be cognizant of the purposes of the leaders of parties, but there are a few points as to practical legislation which we may, we think, be pretty confidently relied on. And of these, one is that Congress, in its financial arrangements, will act in a very conservative spirit, and will do nothing to destroy or impair the National Banking system. From the general tone of Mr. Cooke's letter, it would seem that he is apprehensive of some such misadventure. There are, no doubt, a few persons to be found who would use their influence with Congress to this end. Possibly the rigid demands of the National Bank law as now administered, the care it takes to discover and cut off every sound part of the system, and to force the solvency, strength and good repute of the individual banks, may have made some dissatisfied persons long for the license and ill-regulated freedom of the old exploded State banking system. We grant also that other enemies of the National banks may oppose the new and more efficient system from purer motives, but the prevailing impression among the people everywhere is that the banks are entitled to have a fair trial, and that sufficient time has not yet elapsed, nor sufficient hostile evi-

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